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A Messe of good Fellows:

OR,

The generous ſpark who roundly,
doth call, and ſayes for his part,
Tuſh, we have and ſhall have abundance,
come fill us the other od quart.

To the tune of, *Ragged and torne.*

WEll met my ſoniall blades,
Tom, Anthony, Dick, & James
We haue bẽn all merry Conrades,
as all our acquaintance proclaims:
Now ſith we are all met here,
We'l be merry before we goe,
For paying let's neuer feare,
our credit is good we know.
Here's 4 or fiue ſhillings good round
ile ſpend them before we part, (ones
Tuſh, we have & ſhal have abundance
come fill us the other od quart.

We'l laugh and make good ſport,
and cry a fig for care,
What though our means growes ſhort,
the world has enough to ſpare:
When either of us was borne,
we had as much wealth about vs
As thoſe that are rich (Ile be ſworne)
why then ſhould they ieer and flout vs:
& though they haue ſince got ground on's
it doth not much grieue my heart:
Tuſh, we have &c.

Let's ſing and make a noiſe,
as beſt the time befits,
Wee ſhew our ſelues merry good boyes,
when the world is beſide her wits:
The Vſurer with all his bags,
is not ſo content in mind,
As honeſt good fellows in rags,
that are to each other kind.
Our hearts are all perfect & ſound ones,
we ſcorn from our friends to ſtart,
Tuſh, we have and ſhall have abundance,
come fill us the other od quart.

The Vſurer doth daily plod
how he may his riches increaſe,
He maketh his gold his God,
but we liue at better hearts eaſe:
Let fortune frowne or ſmile,
we do not for that much paſſe,
The world ſhall not vs beguile,
with her perſpective glaſſe,
If pouerty ſeeke to wound vs,
we'l cure't with the Vintners art,
Tuſh, we have &c.

He that doth inioy his health,
and a competent means withall,
What need he to pine for wealth,
but take what to him doth befall:
A contented mind is worth gold,
it is but a folly to ſtriue,
We all were at firſt of one mould,
yet all are not borne to thriue,
Then let no ill thoughts confound vs,
let euery one bear a good heart,
Tuſh, we have and ſhall have abundance,
come fill us the other od quart.

45. b. 28. 249.

285

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The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.

WE ſcorn to ſpend mony on queanes,
though ſometimes we hunt the fox,
For he that ſo waſteth his means,
at laſt will be paid with a p——
No ſurgeon nor any Phyſitian,
for mony their aid ſhall lend vs,
When drinking hath chang'd our condi-
a hair o'th old dog will mend vs. tion
Grim ſorrow can neuer wound vs,
which maketh curmudgeans to ſmart,
Tuſh, we have, and ſhall have abundance,
Come fill us the tother odd quart.

Tis better far to be poore,
and haue a contented mind,
Then to haue abundance of ſtore,
and with it no reſt can find:
The couetous man is not rich,
he neuer is ſatisfide,
His mony doth him bewitch,
he thinks vpon nothing beſide:
Such puddles ſhall neuer drowne vs,
wee'l be well content with our part,
Tuſh, we have &c.

Some idle companions there be,
that rather then they will worke,
Vpon ſuch good fellowes as we,
the Raſcals will liue by the ſhirk,
At laſt they are tane in the nick,
(for cheating can nere come to good)
And then they are taught a fine trick,
to iwk through a peece of wood:
And oftentimes when they are found
with pain they do follow the cart (thus
Tuſh, we have &c.

He that hath a generous mind,
will take any laudable courſe,
What fortune to him hath aſſigned,
he takes it for better for worſe:
And to recreate his ſenſes,
when labour hath tane off the edge,
They weigh not a little expences.
each other like us they will pledge.
Let our hearts be true and ſound ones,
tho fortune our meanings doth thwart,
Tuſh, we have, &c.

Such merry bagaries wee'l play,
when liquor hath captiu'd our wits,
We thinke not how hard the next day
we muſt worke for theſe mad merry fits:
Yet wee'l neyther quarrell nor chide,
as fools in theſe humours do vſe,
Such folly wee cannot abide,
if any way we can chuſe.
And if any man ſeek to wrong us,
wee'l one take anothers part.
Tuſh we have, &c.

But amongſt all our merry cheare,
- t'were pity of all our lives,
If all the while wee are here,
wee neglect to drink to our wiues.
Faith that was remembred well,
tis better at laſt then never,
Though my ſhare doe the reſt excell,
it ſhall go about howſoever.
Now leſt too much liquor ſhold drowne us
let's know what's oth ſcore & depart,
Tuſh we have, and ſhall have abundance,
come give us the other odd quart.

M. P.

FINIS.

Printed for *Thomas Lambert* neare the Hoſpitall-gate in Smithfield.